let these wolves laugh

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let these wolves laugh

by amosanguis

Summary

The lightning of Hannibal's quickening dances across his skin and heals his wounds – the flash of it all but lost in the moonlight.

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They fall. They breathe each other's blood, and still they fall. They fall until they hit the water – long, long seconds afterwards – and then there's darkness.

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Will's the first to wake.

He and Hannibal have washed ashore – their arms still inextricably linked to stop them from drifting away from each other – and Will takes in the wide blackness above him, and he laughs at the stars.

(When Hannibal wakes, he laughs, too. The lightning of his quickening dancing across his skin and healing his wounds – the flash of it all but lost in the moonlight.)

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"Who should we be in this next life?" Hannibal asks, standing naked beside Will in the truck stop bathroom.

"I don't know," Will says, pulling out a shirt and jeans and ballcap out of a bag and handing them all over to Hannibal. "I chose the last one," he continues, pulling out his own set of clothes, "it's your turn."

"I do have to admit," Hannibal grins, pulling on the jeans, "me being a psychiatrist was a nice touch. I don't know if I can top that."

Will's lips echo the grin, as he leans in close. "I thought it was funny," he says, whispering the words into Hannibal's neck.

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"I think we should go into farming next," Hannibal says after they've climbed into their (stolen) car. "I haven't walked through a cornfield since the '20s and I find that I miss the

smell of it."

Will leans over and presses a chaste kiss to Hannibal's lips. He pulls back just far enough to say, "Whatever you want."

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End.

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